

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

SENATOR CLARK, of Montana, will build a splendid summer residence in Hawaii. He has large investments there and says the climate is ideal for a summer home.

It has been found that an apparatus for killing animals with chloroform in England would not work in India, because the high temperature prevented the concentration of the chloroform vapor. That this was the cause was proved by the fact that by placing ice in the box the animals were readily killed.

MRS. JOHNSON is rather an educated woman for a poor woman and as a girl was remarkable for her musical accomplishments. She is known to have possessed one of the first pianos ever seen in Pretoria. She, like her friend, Mrs. Kruger, revels in domesticity and once boasted that she had always cooked her husband's Sunday dinner.

GEORGE WYNHAM, the under secretary of state for war in Great Britain, though only 35 years old, has been in parliament several years and has won a reputation as a strong debater. He entered the army in his twentieth year and saw hard service in Africa. He has also found time to edit an edition of "Plutarch," as well as a volume of Shakespeare's poems.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lying frozen on the snow and so brittle that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies, on being taken to a warmer climate, recover themselves and fly away. Six species of butterflies have been found within a few hundred miles of the north pole.

CONFEDERATE veterans of New Orleans are planning to purchase Beaulieu, Jefferson Davis's Mississippi home, for an industrial farm for ex-confederate soldiers who are still able to do light work. The organization has received an intimation that Mrs. Davis desires to sell the property, that she may invest in real estate in New Orleans and make that city her home.

PRESIDENT KRUGER, who has been wedded twice, chose both his wives from the Du Plessis family, which is not only one of the oldest in South Africa (its founder having gone to the Cape in the seventeenth century), but the family to which Riehelie belonged. Mr. Kruger for his first marriage had one child, who died young. By his second wife he had 16 children. His grandchildren number 104.

In London and Paris some very fashionable weddings have recently taken place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Three of the most fashionable brides in New York have had no bridesmaids. Perhaps this was due to the fact that there were no bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Julia Dent and Grant and Prince Cantacuzene. There is as much a fashion in bridesmaids as there is in floral decorations, and the cut and shape of the wedding gown.

BOLTON STAFFORD BIRD, the new premier of Tasmania, presents the rare sight of a congregationalist clergyman at the head of a British colony. Fifty-nine years old and a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, he settled in Hobart in 1879, as a minister of that city's leading congregationalist church. Three years later he entered parliament and later became colonial treasurer. He has represented Tasmania in two Australian federal conventions.

LADIES who go shopping have little idea of the cost of their trip, even in such a minor detail as the cost of paper for the packages they have sent home. A Baltimorean has recently compared the weight of paper with the food supplied to the purchaser. In one day's purchases it is said that the paper wrapping amounted to about 10 per cent of the total. In a list of supplies costing about \$1.40 he found that the paper which was weighed with the provisions cost 14 1/2 cents.

THE queen of the Belgians was brought up in her father's castle at Penth and surrounded and customs which remind one of the feudal ages. At night her father himself descended the great staircase to lock the outer gate and door of the principal hall. This hall was divided into two parts, one end being raised a little above the other. At the elevated end the daughters of the house sat at their needlework or painting or music, while the attendants sat at the lower end of the hall.

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, after a fight of a life-time, has finally succeeded in getting absolute control of the single gateway to San Francisco and the South California coast. He and his friends are now in complete possession of the great Southern Pacific and Central Pacific systems, which, under the plan of reorganization recently successfully accomplished, have become one organization. Under the terms of this plan the great government debt of \$58,812,715 was liquidated without any disturbance of the financial world.

THE guillotine is just now homeless. Some months ago the municipal council, in obedience to the powerful interests of property owners, decreed that public executions should no longer take place in the square de la Roquette, but the choice of another place was postponed for a time. It is now stated that the authorities have on their hands an accumulation of criminals awaiting execution. The aidmen are at a loss to know where the ghastly machine may be erected. So far every proposal of a new place has met fierce opposition from the citizens of Paris.

FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

What shall I say if he, some day returning, Shall seek thee, knowing not where thou art hid? Tell him I waited—till pale death remembered The life that love forgot.

If he should ask to know thy place of dwelling, What shall my answer be? Give him the ring of gold from off my finger, Give it him—silently!

But if, as with a stranger, he still questions, Say what then shall I do? Speak to him very gently, as a sister, Perchance he suffers, too!

And if he ask why silent and deserted, 'Tis hails so bright before? Answer no word, but show the lamp extinguished, The widely opened door.

And lest, perchance, he ask of that last hour— What message must I keep? Smile in his face, and say I parted smiling! Yes, smile—lest he should weep!

—Austin South, in Sydney Bulletin.



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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"Quick, Jacopo—follow me," and driving my spurs home, the good horse plunged forward, topped the bank almost on the instant that the ambuscaders, who rushed out with a shout, reached it. The man to the left, who was riding a white horse, pulled up in an unaccountable manner, and making a point at the one on my sword side, I ran him through the throat, my blade twisting him clean round in the saddle as I dashed on. The attacking party, coming at a great pace, were carried by their horses down the slope into the stream, and before they could turn I had gained a fair start, and to my joy heard Jacopo swearing as he galloped behind me.

"Maldetto! I could not fire, signore—you were right in front of me—here goes." He turned back in his saddle, and would have left off his piece had I not shouted out.

"Hold! hold! till I tell you," and fortunately he heard my words, or the chances were there would have been a miss with no opportunity of reloading.

We gained a full hundred yards before the others recovered themselves, coming after us with yells of anger, and I distinctly heard Ceca's voice:

"Two hundred crowns for them, dead or alive!"

Now commenced a race for life. We had the start and meant to keep it, but their horses were the fresher, and it became a mere question of who could last longest. We made the pace as hot as we could, in the hope that if we came to close quarters again some of our pursuers would have tailed behind. For a little time things went well, and I was beginning to think we should be able to show our friends a clean path of heels, when I suddenly felt my horse puffing, stretching his neck forward and holding on to the bit, in a manner which left no doubt in my mind that he was done. Jacopo, too, called out:

"We had better fight it out, excellency; my horse is blown."

Before giving a final answer, I slung round in the middle to see how the enemy were getting on. The only two who were at our heels was the man mounted on the white horse, who had pulled aside in so strange a manner when charging me, and another, whom I could not make out. The rest were well behind, but riding hard. We could probably account for these two, and turning back I shouted to Jacopo:

"All right; fight it out."

As I said this my horse stumbled and rolled clean over, killing himself on the spot, but fortunately throwing me clear of him and without doing any damage to me. I had just time to scramble to my feet, when the two foremost of our pursuers were upon us.

Jacopo had been carried some yards on by the speed of his mount, but as the men came up he turned sharp round in his saddle and fired. The report was followed by a yell of pain, and the leading horseman fell; the other, who bore the white horse, met with a similar fate. Here he met with Jacopo, who was coming back at a gallop, and, it seemed to me, flung himself from his horse, doing this in so clumsy a manner as to be immediately ridden over by my knave.

"Mount—mount, excellency—mount behind me!" and Jacopo steadied his horse.

But there was no time, and three of the remaining horsemen dashed up. Two of the horses shied past the body of my animal, but the third came boldly up, and the rider immediately engaged Jacopo. I could not give my brave fellow any aid, for my time was fully occupied in dealing with my own adversaries. Their horses were too fresh, or not well in hand, by great good luck, and so they could not manage to come at me together. Seeing this, I made a dash across the road into the wood—it was but a few feet—and both my adversaries followed, with the result that the horse of one of them put his foot in a rut, and, stumbling forward, unseated his rider, and the other, in aiming a cut at me, got his sword entangled for a second in an overhanging bough. This second was, however, enough for me to give him six inches of steel, and he pulled round and rode off, dropping his sword and falling from his horse. The man who had fallen from the horse was nowhere to be seen. Indeed, I did not look for him, but rushed back to the assistance of Jacopo, and this time, having

opportunity for observing, if only for a twinkling, saw his opponent was my friend, the shrewd monk. He, however, had as quick an eye, and, taking in the situation, made a sudden charge at Jacopo, and as suddenly wheeling his horse to the left, shot past him and fled on ahead, leaving us masters of the situation.

"Are you hurt, excellency?" called out Jacopo.

"Not in the least. How are you?"

"Nothing but a scratch, excellency, which I received from his reverence, who, with all his monkish cowl, wields a good weapon."

"Well, jump down and let us see your friends are, but first let us look at your wound."

"It is really nothing, as I said, signore," and Jacopo sprang lightly to earth. I did not, however, listen to him, and taking from him his flint and steel, lighted a torch of dry wood, which I converted into a torch. With the aid of this and the moonlight, I examined Jacopo's wound, which after all was but slight, and had just banded it up with my kerchief, when I became aware that the man whom Jacopo had ridden over had risen on his hands and knees, and was crawling off in the brush-wood.

"Steady, friend," I said, and running up to him, gave him a prick with my sword as a hint to stop. He made a little outcry, but had the good sense to take the hint, and casting the light of the torch on his face I recognized my old acquaintance, the ancient Brico.

"So, signore," I said, "I have again to be thankful to you."

Jacopo too came up and recognized the man at a glance.

"Cappita!" he burst out, "but it is the ancient Brico! Shall I beat his brains out, excellency?"

"Mercy, most noble cavalier," exclaimed Brico, "I yield me to ransom."

"Ransom forsooth!" called out Jacopo, "such ransom as a noose will give you. Prepare to die."

"Be quiet, Jacopo," I said, "the ancient has yielded to ransom, and we will leave him to discuss the terms with the moon. Fetch me the bridle from my poor horse yonder, and bind this knave firmly."

Jacopo needed no second bidding, and in five minutes the ancient, securely bound, was sitting like a trussed fowl in the middle of the road, alternately cursing and weeping.

"Perhaps, excellency, we had better look at the other," and Jacopo pointed to the man whom he had shot, who lay on his face. "Perchance," he added, "he, too, might turn out an old acquaintance."

We did so, and as we bent over him I saw it was Bernabo Ceca gone to his last account. He was shot through the heart, and lay quite dead, with a frown on his forehead, and his teeth clenched in the death agony. I looked at him in a sad silence, which Jacopo broke.

"I never knew a cross-marked bullet to fail, excellency. He is stone dead."

"May he rest in peace," I answered; "he was a brave man, although my enemy."

"He is still enough now, your worship—and see! there is his horse grazing quietly. It will do excellently to replace the lost one."

He ran forward and secured the animal, whilst I had a final look at my dead beast. His neck was broken, and there was an end of him. Whilst Jacopo at my request was changing the saddles, I stirred up the ancient, who had lapsed into silence, and begged the favor of his informing me to whom I was indebted for the excitement of the night. Brico at first would not answer, but an inch of steel removed his sulkeness, and he told me all that I believe he knew, which was to the effect that he and some others had been hired by a great Florentine called Stronzi, to stop me at all hazards on my journey to Rome, and that the party was commanded by Ceca, who was to pay them 200 crowns for their trouble. More he evidently did not know, and disregarding all his entreaties to loosen him, we rode off, wishing him a good night. Nevertheless I am afraid he suffered considerable discomfort.

"That rascal monk," said Jacopo, as we jogged along, "has gone on ahead of us, and to-morrow, perhaps, will rouse the country in advance of us."

"Never fear, Jacopo," I answered, "he is no monk, as well know, and his only chance was to escape as he did. He will hark back soon enough to Florence. Such hawks as he do not fly far from their eyries."

And in this I proved to be right, and the library scribe was never seen by me again.

So we kept to our way, deciding to rest by day on the banks of the Ebro, to which we came in the early morning. Here we relieved our horses in the forest which fringed the banks, and the tired Jacopo, leaving me to watch the cattle, proceeded on foot to a small hamlet he knew of, returning in about an hour with the materials for a substantial meal, and a small skin of wine.

In this manner we continued our journey, halting by day and traveling by night, and finally reached Leghorn in safety. Here we took passage in a ship bound for Rome, but were compelled to wait two days in Leghorn, as the master was not ready to sail at once. At last, all things being arranged, we got our horses and ourselves aboard, and put to sea with a fair wind. The master of the ship had sailed with Messer Columbus to the new world, and lost no time in giving us the history of his adventures, which were in truth marvelous beyond imagination. I listened with a smooth face, and the good man no doubt thought that I believed his tales. In this, however, he was mistaken. I was merely listening to the story, and the tales they were diverting in the sea. Jacopo was overcome by the six of the sea, and flung himself down in a corner on the deck of the ship from which port nothing would induce him to move. At every lurch he threw out a prayer which ended in a groan, and so great was his distress that, as he afterwards stated, he would have sold his soul to Satan for a pill, if only to obtain an hour's relief. As for me, I was well, having had some experience of the ocean before, when employed by the most serene republic for service against the Turk, and found contentment in the master's stories, and in pacing up and down watching such things as came under my view. I had plenty of opportunity for reflection on the voyage, and came to the conclusion that on delivering my letter to the cardinal at Rome, I would seek out Bayard if he were there, lay my story before him, and beseech his help to enable me to recover myself.

At last, one fine day, we reached Ostia, and there disembarked, after hiding far well to the master, and set out on our way to Rome. Jacopo recovered his spirits as his foot touched land, and though the rudeness of his cheek had paled a little, he was quite himself again by the time we crossed the Stagno di Ostia. Finally we came in full view of the Eternal city, and towards the afternoon, having pressed along at a good pace, our jaded horses brought us before the gate of St. Paul.

CHAPTER XIII. ROME.

As we rode up to the ruinous stretch of the battered wall, and saw before us the

gate, lying open against the mottled green and gray high-ground of the Aventine, that old hill, covered with straggling and unkempt vineyards, and studded with the walls of monasteries, I was moved more than I can tell, for I was about to realize a dream of my life, and put my foot once again in the place of my birth, a spot not only bound to me by that tie, but sacred with the hundred legends of my forefathers' history, men who had for centuries played so great a part in its fate, until our house was cast forth by the mother city, to wander as exiles over the land. It is true that since the days of my childhood I had not seen Rome, it is true that such memories of it as I had were dim and misty, and that to recall them was like trying to bring back before one's eyes, when awake, the vague but pleasant visions of a delightful dream; nevertheless my heart filled with a strange joy, and my pulse began to beat more rapidly, as each stride of my horse brought me nearer home. In short, I was a Roman come back to Rome, and in these words sum up my feelings.

Filled with such thoughts, I tightened the reins half unconsciously, and my horse, doubtless upset by my voyage, and the hard going from Ostia, very willingly slackened his pace to a walk. Jacopo, as in duty bound, followed my example, and my pulse began to beat more rapidly, as each stride of my horse brought me nearer home. In short, I was a Roman come back to Rome, and in these words sum up my feelings.

Whist the smith was beating out a shoe, I sat down on a rough bench, my horse being fastened to a wooden post, and Jacopo holding his nag by the bridle paced up and down, occasionally stamping his feet on the ground to free them, as he said, from the ants.

In other words, he was suffering slightly from cramp. To my right was a large crowd, evidently enjoying a show of jugglery, and from their cries of wonderment and pleasure they seemed to be having their money's worth. So I rose and followed my way to a good place, unfortunately only in time to see the end of the affair. The juggler was robed in a doctor's gown, and after performing a trick he distributed nostrums for various ailments, free of payment. Imagine my surprise in recognizing in him no other than Matthew Corte; and as I came up he placed a tambourine in his right hand, and bade him carry it round for subscriptions. Coppers were freely flung in, and as the little animal stopped before me I dropped in a florin and stooped to pat its head. As I rose I caught Corte's eye, and saw he knew me, but as he made no sign I stayed quiet. Collecting his money, the doctor bowed his thanks and began packing up the instruments of his trade. I went back to my seat and watched the Smith must have somehow come into funds.

By this time the blacksmith had completed his task, and we delayed no longer, but went off at once. It was fortunate that Jacopo knew Rome as he did, or we might have been hopelessly lost in the labyrinth of streets, some of them in total ruin, some of them entirely uninhabited, but at the time so hideous was the misgovernment of the city that all who could do so had fled from Rome, and those who remained could not have exceeded 30,000 in number, of whom at least 10,000 men and women, were beings who had lost all claim to the respect of mankind, and were capable of almost any crime. These are hard words, but true, nor, indeed, have I ever seen a place where all that was bad was so shamelessly exposed as in Rome when Rodrigo Borgia was pope. At length we reached the Strangers' Quarters, but Jacopo's hotel was not to be found, and, after searching for it in vain, we were content to pull up before the door of a small inn built on the lower slope of Monte Pincio, barely a bow-shot from St. Trinita dei Monti, the church erected by Charles of France in 1485, and a little beyond the convent of the Dames du Sacre Coeur. I cannot say that the hotel was an inviting-looking place; in fact, it was little better than one of the common ostries or wine-shops with which Rome abounded; but it was too late to pick and choose, and for the night, at least, I determined to stay here. Our first duty was to attend to the horses, which we had stabled in stalls, immediately below the room to be occupied by me, Jacopo having to put up with lodgings in the stables for the night. After the beasts had been fed and groomed, I set myself to a plain dinner, washed down with the contents of a straw-covered mezzo fiasco of Frascati. Jacopo waited on me, and when I was done contentedly devoured the remainder of the mezzo or boiled beef, and cooled his throat with a bottle of Martini, which I presented to him.

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Alexander the Great.

No single personality, excepting the carpenter's son of Nazareth, has done so much to make the world of civilization we live in what it is as Alexander of Macedonia. He leveled the terrace upon which European history built. Whatever lay within the range of his conquests contributed its part to form that Mediterranean civilization which, under Rome's administration, became the basis of European life. What lay beyond was as if on another planet. Alexander checked his eastward march at the Sutlej, and India and China were left in a world of their own, with their own mechanisms for man and society, their own theories of God and the world. Alexander's world, to which we all belong, went on its own separate way until, in these latter days, a new greed of conquest, begotten of commercial ambition, promises at last to level the barriers which through the centuries have stood as monuments to the utmost stations of the Macedonian phalanx, and have divided the world of men in twain.—Benjamin Ide Wheeler, in Century.

Knew Naught of Taxgatherers.

Many and strange are the discoveries which are occasionally made in the outlying districts of the dominions of the great white czar. But it is somewhat of a novelty that an entire village should recently have been discovered of the existence of which no one seems to have had any idea. Deep in the forests of the Ural the authorities have discovered a flourishing village, the inhabitants of which speak a curious language of their own and seem to form a sort of ideal commonwealth, in which taxes and taxgatherers, among other troublesome things, are unheard of. This latter defect, however, is now to be remedied.—N. Y. Sun.

Deathless Devotion.

Kind Father—My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Goodheart. He really and truly loves you.

Daughter—Are you sure of that, pa?

Kind Father—Yes, indeed. I've been borrowing money of him for six months, and still he keeps coming.—N. Y. Weekly.

Who knows, excellency—luck may turn.

Well meant as the words were, they jarred on me, and, without replying, I moved on, silently raising my sword to the salute,

As the little animal stopped before me I dropped in a florin.

As I rose I caught Corte's eye, and saw he knew me, but as he made no sign I stayed quiet.

Collecting his money, the doctor bowed his thanks and began packing up the instruments of his trade.

I went back to my seat and watched the Smith must have somehow come into funds.

By this time the blacksmith had completed his task, and we delayed no longer, but went off at once.

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Some of them in total ruin, some of them entirely uninhabited, but at the time so hideous was the misgovernment of the city that all who could do so had fled from Rome.

And those who remained could not have exceeded 30,000 in number, of whom at least 10,000 men and women, were beings who had lost all claim to the respect of mankind.

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As I passed the grim gates from which my ancestors held the road as far as the river, and almost held Rome itself.

As we went past the island, I did not even raise my head to see the Theater of Marcellus, within which lay another and the oldest of our family houses, having come to us through Pierleone towards the close of the eleventh century.

Jacopo was for going straight on past the monastery of the Arcoletti, on the Capitol; but, unluckily, I discovered that my horse had cast a shoe, and this was a matter not to be neglected. So we turned to the right and entered the Campo Vaccino, formerly the Forum of Rome. It being now sunset, here were collected hundreds of oxen and buffaloes, and from the height of Monte Caprino we could hear the bleating of the herds of goats which were pastured there, and the tinkling of their bells as they moved slowly down towards their shelter for the night. A hundred fires were blazing cheerfully, and served to dissipate the blue vapor which began to hang over the place.

Round these fires were groups of people, mostly countrymen, who seemed in the best of spirits, as they listened to songs, or watched numbers of their party, who danced merrily to the tune of a pipe. Hard by was a number of sheds, used by mechanics, and the blaze, which showed a forge in work, soon attracting our attention, we made there at once, and had the horse attended to.

Whilst the smith was beating out a shoe, I sat down on a rough bench, my horse being fastened to a wooden post, and Jacopo holding his nag by the bridle paced up and down, occasionally stamping his feet on the ground to free them, as he said, from the ants.

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I went back to my seat and watched the Smith must have somehow come into funds.

"The Best is Cheapest."

We learn this from experience in every department of life. Good clothes are most serviceable and wear the longest. Good food gives the best nutriment.